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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Hickscorner

Written, c. 1497–1512

Date of Original Copy, c. 1512

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

Hickscorner

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Hickscorner

[c. 1497–1512]

Issued for Subscribers by

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LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

MCMVIII

Hickscorner

The original of this edition is in the British Museum (C 21, c. 24). *It was printed, probably about* 1512, *by Wynkyn de Worde, who was following his craft as a printer from* 1491 *to* 1535. *Another impression also thought to have come from the same press about* 1520 *is known by a fragment of two leaves also in the British Museum* (C 18, e. 2 [4]), *with* 34 *lines to a page, as against* 31 *lines to a page in the original of the present reprint. Yet another edition by John Waley* (*or Walley*), *in business from* 1546 *to* 1586, *is in the Bodleian, also with* 34 *lines to a full page. Other fragments are also known.*

The piece was apparently written between 1497 *and* 1512, *these limits being fixed, the first by the allusion to Newfoundland* (*discovered by Cabot,* 24*th June* 1497), *and the last by the mention of the ship "Regent," destroyed by the French in* 1512.

Mr. J. A. Herbert (*Manuscript Department, British Museum*) *says this reproduction of "Hyckescorner" is "very*

well done," and also that he has "very little indeed to criticise" :—

(1) *In the unsigned sheet (between "A" and "B"), on iii* recto, *the spot above the* e *of "fynde" in line* 15 *is not in original.*

(2) *B ii* verso, "*this page is too faint and 'muzzy' in places, especially where marked"* [*the first words of each line from line* 4 *from top to line* 11 *from the foot of the page*]; *the original is here "perfectly sharp and clear."*

(3) *B iii* verso, *the spot above* y *in the name "Pyty" (line* 8 *from foot) is not in original.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

Hick Scorner. Imp. by Wynkyn de Worde

Hycke Scorner.

DAVID GARRICK.

BRITISH MUSEUM

NOw Jhū ꝑ gentyll ꝑ bought Adam fro hell.
Saue you all souerayncs & solas you sende
And or this mater that I begynne to tell
I praye you of audyence tyll I haue made an ende
For I saye to you my name is pyte
That euer yet hath ben mannes frende
In the bosome of the seconde persone in trynyte
I sprange as a plante mannes mysse to amende
You for to helpe I put to my honde
Recorde I take of mary that wepte teres of blode
I pyte within her herte dyde stonde
Whan she sawe her sone on the rode
The swerde of sorowe gaue that lady wounde
Whan a spere claue her sones herte a sondre
She cryed out and fell to the grounde
Thoughe she was woo hyt was lytell wonder
This delycate colour that goodly lady
Full pale and wanne she sawe her sone all deed
Splayed on a crosse with the fyue welles of pyte
Of purple velluet poudred with roses reed
Lo I pyte thus made your erande to be spede
Orelles man for euer sholde haue ben forlorne
A mayden so layde his lyfe to wedde
Crowned as a kynge the thornes prycked hym sore
Charyte and I of true loue ledes the double rayne
Who so me loueth dampned neuer shall be
Of some vertuous company I wolde be fayne
For all that wyll to heuen nedes must come by me
Chefe porter I am in that heuenly cyte
And now here wyll I rest me a lytell space

Tyll hyt please Jhesu of his grace
Some vertuous felyshyp for to sende
Contem: Cryste that was crystened crucyfyed & crowned
Placyon. In his bosum true loue was gaged with a spere
His baynes braste & brosed and to a pyller bounde
With scourges he was lasshed ỳ knottes ỳ skyn tare
On his necke to caluary the grete crosse he bare
His blode ran to the grounde as scrypture doth tel
His burden was so heuy that downe vnder it he fel
Lo I am kynne to the lorde whiche is goddes sone
My name is wryten formest in the boke of lyfe
For I am perfyte contemplacyon
And brother to holy chyrche ỳ is our lordes wyfe
Johan baptyst Anthony & Jherome w̃ many mo
Folowed me here in holte hethe and in wyldernes
I euer with them went where they dyde go
Nyght & daye towarde the waye of ryghtwysenes
I am the chefe lanterne of all holynes
Of prelates and preestes I am theyr patron
No armure so stronge in no dystresse
Habergyon helme ne yet no Jeltron
To fyght with sathan I am the champyon
That dare abyde and manfully stonde
Fendes fle awaye wyere they se me come
But I wyll shewe you why I came to this londe
For to preche and teche of goddes soth sawes
Ayenst vyce ỳ dothe rebell ayenst hym & his lawes.
Pyte. God spede good broder fro whẽs came you now
Contem. Syr I came frome perseueraunce to seke you
Pyte. Why syr knowe you me
Contem. Ye syr and haue done longe your name is pyte

¶ Your name fayne wolde I knowe — Pyte.
¶ In dede I am called contemplacyon — Contem.
That vseth to lyue solytaryly
In wodes and in wyldernesse I walke alone
Bycause I wolde saye my prayers deuoutly
I loue not with me to haue moche company
But perseueraunce ofte with me doth mete
Whan I thynke on thoughtes that is full heuenly
Thus he and I togyder full swetely doth slepe
¶ I thanke god that we be mette togyder — Pyte.
¶ Syr I trust ý pseuerũce shortly wyll come hyder — Contem.
¶ Than I thynke to here some good tydynge — Pyte.
¶ I warant you brother that he is comynge — Contem.
¶ The eternall god that named was was messyas — Perseue.
He gyue you grace to come to his glorye
Wher euer is Joye in the celestyall place
Whan you of sathan wynneth the vyctorye
Euery man ought to be gladde to haue in company
For I am named good perseueraunce
That euer is guyded by vertuous gouernaunce
I am neuer varyable but doth contynue
Styll goynge vpwarde the ladder of grace
And lode in me planted is so true
And fro ý poore man I wyll neuer tourne my face
Whan I go by my selfe ofte I do remembre
The grete knydnes that god shewed vnto man
For to be borne in the moneth of decembre
Whan the daye wareth shorte and the nyght longe
Of his goodnesse that champyon stronge
Descended downe fro the fader of ryghtwysnes
And rested in mary the flouce of mekenes

Now to this place hyder come I am
To seke contemplacyon my knynnesman
Contem. What brother perseueraunce ye be welcome
Perseue. And so be you also contemplacyon
Contem. Loo here is our mayster pyte
Perseue. Now truly ye be welcome in to this countre
Pyte. I thanke you hertely syr perseueraunce
Perseue. Mayst pyte one thyng is com to my remembrance
what tythynges here you now
Pyte. Syr suche as I can I shall shewe you
I haue herde many men complayne pyteously
They saye they be smyten w̄ the swerde of pouerty
In euery place where I do go
Fewe frendes pouerte doth fynde
And these ryche men ben vnkynde
For theyr neyghboures they wyll nought do
Wydowes doth curse lordes and gentyll men
For they constrayne them to mary with theyr men
ye wheder they wyll or no
Men mary for good and that is dampnable
ye with olde women that is fyfty and beyonde
The peryll now no man drede wyll
All is not goddes lawe that is vsed in londe
Beware wyll they not tyll deth in his honde
Taketh his swerde & smyteth asonder ỳ lyke bayne
And w̄ his mortall stroke cleueth ỳ herte atwayne
They trust so in mercy the lanterne of bryghtnesse
That no thynge do they drede goddes ryghtwysnes
Perseue. O Jhesu syr here is a heuy tydynge
Pyte. Syr this is trewe that I do bryngе
Contem. How am I beloued mayster pyte where ye come

¶ In good faythe people haue now small deuocyon — Pyte.
And as for with you brother contemplacyon
There medleth fewe or none
Yes I trust that prestes loue me wele — Contem.
¶ But a fewe Jwys and some neuer adele — Pyte.
¶ Why syr without me they maye not lyue clene — Contem.
¶ Nay ý is ý leest thoughe ý they haue of fyftene — Pyte.
And that maketh me full heuy
¶ Now trowe you that there be no remedy — Contem.
¶ Full harde for synne is now so greuous and yll — Pyte.
That I thynke that it be growen to an impossyble
And yet one thynge maketh me euer mournynge
That prestes lack vtterance to showe their cũnyge
And al the whyle that clerkes do vse so grete synne
Amonge the lay people loke neuer for no mendyge
¶ Alas that is a heuy case — Perseue.
That so grete synnne is vsed in euery place
I praye god hyt amende
¶ Now god that euer hath ben mannes frende — Contem.
Some better tydynges soone vs sende
For now I must be gone
Fare well good brycherne here
I grete erande I haue elles where
That must nedes be done
I trust I wyll not longe tary
Theder wyll I hye me shortely
And come agayne whan I haue done
¶ Hyder agayne I trust you wyll come — Perseue.
Therfore god be with you
¶ Syr nedes I must departe now — Contem.
Jhesu me spede this daye

Perseue. ¶ Now brother contemplacyon let vs go our waye
Frewyll ¶ A ware felowes and stande a roume
How saye you am not I a goodly personne
I trowe you knowe not suche agesse
What syres I tell you my name is frewyll
I maye chose wheder I do good or yll
But for all that I wyll do as me lyst
My condycyons ye knowe not perde
I can fyght chyde and be mery
Full soone of my company ye wolde be wery
And you knewe all
What fyll the cup and make good chere
I trowe I haue a noble here
Who lente hyt me by cryste a frere
And I gaue hym a fall
Where be ye syr be ye at home
Rockes passyon my noble is tourned to a stone
Where laye I last beshrewe your herte Jone
Now by these bones she hathe begyled me
Let se a peny my souper a pece of flesshe.x.pence
My bedde ryght wouche let all this expence
Now by these bones I haue lost an halfpeny
Who laye there my felowe Imagynacyon
He and I had good communycacyon
Of syr Johan and sydbell
How they were spyed in bedde togyder
And he prayed her ofte to come thyder
For to syngs lo le lo lowe
They twayne togyder had good sporte
But at the stewes syde I lost a grote
I trowe I shall nener ythe

My felowe promysed me here to mete
But I trowe the horesone be a slepe
With a wenche some where
How Imagynacyon come hyder
And you thryue I lose a feder
Beshrowe your herte appere
¶What how how who called after me — Imagy.
¶Come nere ye shall neuer I the — Frewyll
where haue ye be so longe
¶By god with me hyt is all wronge — Imagy.
I haue a payre of sore buttockes
All in Irons was my songe
Euen now I satte gyued in a payre of stockes
¶Cockes passyon and how so — Frewyll
¶Syr I wyll tell you what I haue do — Imagy.
I mette with a wenche and she was fayre
And of loue hertely I dyde praye her
And so promysed her monaye
Syr she wynked on me and sayd nought
But by her loke I knewe her thought
Than in to loues daunce we were brought
That we played the pyrdewy
I wote not what we dyde togyder
But a knaue catchpoll nyghed vs nere
And so dyde vs aspye
A strype he gaue me I fledde my touche
And frome my gyrdle he plucked my pouche
By your leue he lefte me neuer a peny
Loo nought haue I but a buckyll
Ane yet I can Imagen thynges sotyll
For to get monaye plenty

In westmynster hall euery terme I am
To me is kynne many a grete gentyll man
I am knowen in euery countre
And I were deed the lawyers thryfte were lost
For this wyll I do yf men wolde do cost
Proue tyght wronge and all by reason
And make men lese bothe hous and londe
For all that they can do in a lytell season
Peche men of treason preuyly I can
And whan me lyst to hange a trewe man
If they wyll me monaye tell
Theues I can helpe out of pryson
And in to lordes fauours I can get me soone
And be of theyr preuy counseyll
But frewyll my dere broder
Sawe you not of hyckscorner
He promysed me to come hyder

Frewyll. Why syr knowest thou hym

Imagy. Ye ye man he is full nye of my kynne
And in newgate we dwelled togyder
For he and I were bothe shakeled in a fetter

Frewyll Syr laye you beneth or on hye on the seller

Imagy. Nay ywys amōgē thyckest of yemē of the coller

Frewyll By god than ye were in grete fere

Imagy. Syr had not I be.cc.had be thrast in an haltere

Frewyll And what lyke haue they there al that grete sorte

Imagy. By god syr ones a yere som taw halts of burport
ye at tyburne there stondeth the grete frame
And some take a fall that maketh theyr neck lame

Frewyll. Ye but can they than go no more

Imagy. O no man the wrest is twyste so sore

For as soone as they haue sayd in man? tuas ones
By god theyr brethe is stopped at ones
¶ Why do they praye in that place there — Frewyll
¶ Ye syr they stonde in grete fere — Imagy.
And so fast tangled in that snare
Hyt falleth to theyr lotte to haue the same share
¶ That is a knauisshe syght to se thē tott on a beme — Frewyll
¶ Syr the horesones coude not conuaye clene — Imagy.
For and they coude haue carped by crafte as I can
In pcesse of yeres eche of thē sholde be a gētyll mā
yet as for me I was neuer theke
Yt my hādes were smytē of I can stele wō my tethe
For ye knowe well there is crafte in daubynge
I can loke in a mannes face and pycke his purse
And tell newe tydynges ꝑ was neuer trewe ywys
For my hood is all lyned with lesynge
¶ Ye but wente ye neuer to tyburne a pylgrymage — Frewyll.
¶ No ywys nor none of my lygnages — Imagy.
For we be clerkes all and can our necke verse
And wō an oyntment thy Iuges hāde I can grece
That wyll hele sores that be vncurable
¶ Why were ye neuer founde reprouable — Frewyll
¶ Yes ones I stall a hors in the felde — Imagy.
And lepte on hym for to haue ryden my waye
At the last a bayly me mette and beheide
And badde me stonde than was I in a fraye
He asked wheder with that horse I wolde gon
And than I tolde hym hyt was myne owne
He sayd I hadde stollen hym and I sayde naye
This is sayd he my brothers hacknaye
For and I had not scused me without fayle

By ourlady he wolde haue lad me strayte to Jayle
And than I tolde hym ꝑ horse was lyke myne
A browne baye a longe mane & dyde halte behyne
Thus I tolde hym ꝑ such an other hors I dyde lacke
And yet I neuer sawe hym nor came on his backe
So I deliuered hym the hors agayne
And whan he was gone than was I fayne
For and I had not scused me the better
I knowe well I sholde haue daunsed in a fetter

Frewyll ¶ And sayd he nomore to the but so

Imagy. ¶ Yes he pretended me moche harme to do
But I tolde hym that mornynge wns a grete mysse
That what horse hyt was I ne wysse
Also I sayd that in my heed I had the megryne
That made me dasell so in myne eyen
That I myght not well se
And thus he departed shortely frome me,

Frewyll ¶ Ye but where is hyckscorner now

Imagy. ¶ Some of these yonge men hathe hydde hym in
theyr bosomes I warraunt you

Imagy. ¶ Let vs make a crye that he maye vs here

Frewyll. ¶ How how hyckscorner appere
I trowe thou be hyde in some cornere

Hyckscor. ¶ Ale the helme ale vere shot of vere sayle vera

Frewyll ¶ Cockes body herke he is in a shyppe on the see

Hyckscor. ¶ God spede god spede who called after me

Imagy. ¶ What brother welcome by this precyous body
I am gladde that I you se
Hyt was tolde me that ye were hanged
But out of what countre come ye

Hyckscor. ¶ Syr I haue ben in many a countre

As in fraunce Irlonde and in spayne
Portyngale seuyll also in almayne
Freslonde flaunders and in burgoyne
Calabre poyle and erragoyne
Brytayne byske and also in gascoyne
Naples grece and in myddes of scotlonde
At cape saynt vyncent & in the newe foūde Ilonde
I haue ben in gene and in cowe
Also in the londe of rumbelowe
Thre myle out of hell
At rodes constantyne and in babylonde
In cornewale and in no northumberlonde
Where men sethe russhes in gruell
Ye syr in caldey tartare and Iude
And in ꝑ londe of women ꝑ fewe men dothe fynde
In all these countres haue I be
¶ Syr what tydynges here ye now on the see — Frewyll.
¶ We mette of shyppes a grete naue — Hycksscor.
Full of people that wolde in to Irlonde
And they came out of this countre
They wyll neuer more come to englonde
¶ Whens were ꝑ shyppes of them knowest ꝑ none — Imagy.
¶ Therke & I wyll shewe you theyr names eche one — Hycksscor.
Fyrst was the regent with the myghell of brykylse
The george with the gabryell and the anne of foye
The starre of saite assye with the Iheſus of plūoth
Also the hermytage with the barbara of darmouth
The nycolas and the mary bellouse of brystowe
With the glyn of london and James also
Grete was the people that was in them
All truerelygyous and holy women

There was trouthe and his kynnelman
with pacyence mekenes and humylyte
And all true maydens with theyr vyrgynyte
Ryall prechers sadnes and charyte
Ryght contryence and fayth with deuocyon
And all true monkes that kepte theyr relyon
True byers and sellers and almes dede doers
Pyteous people that be of synne destroyers
with Just abstynence and good counseylers
Mourners for synne with lamentacyon
And good ryche men ỳ helpeth folke out of pryson
True wedlocke was there also
with yonge men that euer in prayer dyde go
The shyppes were ladē w̄ suche vnhappy company
But at the laste god shope a remedy
For they all in the see were drounde
And on a quycke sonde they strake to grounde
The see swalowed them euerychone
I wote wote well alyue there scaped none

Imagy. Lo now my herte is gladde and mery
For Joye now let vs synge dery dery

Hycksco. Felowes they shall neuer more vs withstonde
For I se them all drowned in the case of Irlonde

Frewyll. Ye but yet herke hycksconer
what company was in your shyppe that came ouer

Hycksco. Syr I wyll sayd you to vnderstande
There were good felawes aboue fyue thousande
And all they ben kynne to vs thre
There was falshode fauell and sotylte
ye theues and hores with other good company
Lyers backbyters and flaterers the whyle

Braulers lyers getters and chyders
Walkers by nyght with gret e murderers
Ouerthwarte gyle and Joly carders
Oppressers of people with many swerers
There was false lawe with orybie vengeaunce
Frowarde obstynacyō w̄ myseheuous gouernaūce
Wanton wenches and also mychers
With many other of the deuylles offycers
And hatered that is so myghty and stronge
Hath made auowe for euer to dwell in englonde
But is that true that thou doste shewe now — Imagy.
Syr euery worde as I do tell you — Hyckscor.
Of whens is your shyppe of london — Frewyll.
Ye ywys frome thens dyde she come — Hyckscor.
And she is named the enuy
I tell you a grete vessell and a myghty
The owner of her is called yll wyll
Brother to Jacke poller of shoters hyll
Syr what offyce in the shyppe bare ye — Imagy.
Mary I kepte a fayre shoppe of baudrye — Hyckscor
I had thre wenches that were full praty
Jane true and thryftles and wanton sybble
If ye ryde her a Journay she wyll make you wery
For she is trusty at nede
If ye wyll hyre her for your pleasure
I warraunt tere her shall ye neuer
She is so sure in dede
Ryde and you wyll ten tymes adaye
I warraunt you she wyll neuer saye naye
My lyfe I dare laye to wedde
Now plucke vp your hertes & make good chere — Imagy.

These tydynges lyketh me wonder wele
Now vertu shall drawe a tere a tere
Herke felous a good sporte I can you tell
At the stues we wyll lye to nyght
And by my trouth yf all go aryght
I wyll begyle some prety wenche
To gette me monaye at a pynche
Now saye you shall we go thyder
Let vs kepe company all togyder
And I wolde that we had goddes curse
If we some where do not get a purse
Euery man bere his dagger naked in his honde
And yf we mete a treue man make hym stonde
Or elles that he bere a strype
If that he struggle ond make ony werke
Lyghtly stryke hym to the herte
And throwe hym into temmes quyte

Freewyll. Naye thre knaues in a lease is good at nale
But thou lubber Imagynacyon
That cukcolde thy fader where is he become
At newgate dothe he ly styll at gayle

Imagy. Auaut horesone thou shalte bere me a strype
Sayst thou that my moder was a hore

Freewyll. Naye syr but the last nyght
I sawe syr Johne and she tombled on the flore

Imagy. Now by kockes herte thou shalte lose an arme

Hycksco. Naye syr I charge you do hym no harme

Imagy. And ꝑ make to moche I wyll breke thy heed to

Hycksco. By saynt mary and I wyst that I wolde be ago

Imagy. Aware aware the horsone shall aby

Imagy. His preest wyll I be by cockes body

¶ Kepe pease lest knaues blode be shedde — Hycksco.
¶ By god yf his was nought my was as badde — Frewyll.
¶ By kockes herte he shall dye on this dager — Imagy.
¶ By our lady then wyll ye be straũgled in a halter — Hycksco
¶ The horesone shall ete hy as fer as he shyll wade — Imagy.
¶ Beshrewe your herte and put vp your blade — Hycksco.
Shethe your whytell or by hyz y was neuer borne
I wyll rappe you on the costarde with my horne
What wyll ye playe all the knaue
¶ By kockes herte and thou a buffet shalte haue — Imagy.
¶ Lo syrres here is a fayre company god vs saue — Frewyll.
For yf ony of vs thre be mayre of london
Iwys y wys I wyll ryde to rome on my thom
Alas a se is not this a grete feres
I wolde they were in a myll pole aboue the eres
And thã I durst warraũt they wold departe anone
¶ Helpe helpe for the passyon of my soule — Hycksco
He hath made a grete hole in my poule
That all my wytte is set to the grounde
Alas a leche for to helpe my wounde
¶ Naye ywys horesone I wyll bete the or I go — Imagy.
¶ Alas good syr what haue I do — Frewyll.
¶ Ware make rome he shall haue a strype I trowe — Imagy.
¶ Peas peas syrres I commaunde you — Pyte.
¶ Auaunt olde churle whens comest thou — Imagy.
And thou make to moche I shall bracke thy browe
And sende the home agayne
¶ A good syr the peas I wolde haue kepte fayne — Pyte.
Myne offyce is to se no man slayne
And where they do amyse to gyue thẽ good coũsel
Synne to forsake and goddes lawe them tell

Imagy. ¶ Alsyr I wende thou haddest ben drowned & gone.
But I haue spyed that there scaped one
Hycksscor. ¶ Imagynacyon do by the counseyll of me
Be a greed with frewyll & lette vs good felowes be
And than as for this chorle pyte
Shall curse the tyme that euer he came to londe
Imagy. ¶ Brother frewyll gyue me your honde
And all myne yll wyll I forgyue the
Frewyll. ¶ Syr I thanke you hertely
But what shall we do with this chorle pyte
Imagy. ¶ I wyll go to hym and pyke a quarell
And make hym a thefe and saye he dyde stele
Frewyll. Of myne forty pounde in a bagge
¶ By god that tydynges wyll make hym sadde
And I wyll go fetche a payre of gyues
For in good faythe he shall belette fast by the heles
Hycksscor. ¶ Haue ado lyghtly and be gone
And let vs twayne with hym alone
Frewyll. ¶ Now farewell I beshrewe you euery chone
Hycksscor. ¶ Ho ho frewyll you threwe and no mo
Imagy. ¶ Thou lewde felowe sayst ÿ that thy name is pite
Who sente the hyder to controll me
Pyte. ¶ Good syr hyt is my properte
For to dysspyse synfull lyuynge
And vnto vertu men to bryngе
If that they wyll do after me
Imagy. ¶ What syr arte thou so [illegible] holy
A se this caytyfe wolde be prayled I trowe
And you thryue this yere I wyll lose a peny
Lo syres outwarde he bereth a fayre face
But and he mette with a wenche in a preuy place

I trowe he wolde shewe her but lytell grace
By god ye maye trust me
¶ Loo wyll ye not se this caytyues menynge — Hycksco.
He wolde destroye vs all and all out kynne
yet had I leuer se hym hanged by the chynne
Rather than that sholde be brought aboute
And with this dager thou shalte haue a cloute
without thou wyte be lyghtly be gone
¶ Naye brother laye honde on hym soone — Imagy.
For he Japed my wyfe and made me cukolde
And yet the traytoue was so bolde
That he stale forty pounde of myne in monaye
¶ By sayntmary than he shall not scape — Hycksco.
we wyll ledchym streyght to newgate
For euer there shall he lye
¶ A se a se syrres what I haue brought — Frewyll.
A medycyne for a payre of sore shynnes
At the kynges benche syrres I haue you sought
But I praye you who shall were these
¶ By god this felowe that maye not go hence — Hycksco.
I wyll go gyue hym these hose rynges
Now ykayth they be worth forty pence
But to his hondes I lacke two bondes
¶ Holde horesone here is an halter — Imagy.
Bynde hym fast and make hym sure
¶ O men let trouth that is the trewe man
Be your guyder or elles ye be forlorne — Pyte.
Laye no fals wytnes as nye as ye can
On none for afterwarde ye wyll repent hyt full sore
¶ Naye naye I care not therfore — Frewyll.
¶ Ye whan my soule hãgeth on ỳ hedge cast stones. — Hycksco.

For I tell the playnly by kockes bones
Thou shalte be guyded and layd in Irons
They fared euen so

Pyte. ¶ Awaye syr what haue I do

Imagy. ¶ Well well that thou shalte knowe or thou go

Pyte. ¶ O syres I se hyt can not be amended
you do me wronge for I haue not offended
Remembre god that is our heuen kynge
For he wyll rewarde you after your deseruynge
Whan deth with his mace dooth you arrest
We all to hym owe fewte and seruyce
Fro the ladder of lyfe downe he wyll the threste
Than mayster shyp may not helpe nor grete offyce

Frewyll. ¶ What dethe and he were here he sholde syt by ẏ
Trowest thou that he be able to stryue w̃ vs thre
Nay nay nay

Imagy. ¶ Well felawes now let vs go our waye
For at shoters hyll we haue agame to playe

Hycksscor. ¶ In good fayth I wyll tary no lender space

Frewyll. ¶ Yshrewe hym for me ẏ is last out of this place

Pyte. ¶ Lo lordes they may curs ẏ tyme they were borne
For the wedes that ouer groweth the corne
They troubled me gylteless and wote not why
For goddes loue yet wyll I suffre pacyently
We all may say weleaway for synne ẏ is now adaye
Loo vertue is vanyshed for euer and aye
Worse was hyt neuer
We haue plente of grete othes
And clothe ynoughe in our clothes
But charyte many men lothes
Worse was hyt neuer

Alas now is lechery called loue in dede
And murdure named manhode in euery nede
Extorsyon is called lawe so god me spede
Worse was hyt nener
Youth walketh by nyght with swerdes & knyues
And euer amonge true men leseth their lyues
Lyke heretykes we occupy other mennes wyues
Now a dayes in englonde
Baudes be ỳ dystryers of many yonge women
And full lewde counseyll they gyue vnto them
How you do mary beware you yonge men
The wyfe neuer taryeth to longe
There be many grete scorners
But for synne there be fewe mourners
We haue but fewe true louers
In no place now a dayes
There be many goodly gylte knyues
And I trowe as well apparayled wyues
Yet many of them be vnthrysty of their lyues
And all set in pryde to go gaye.
Mayers on synne dooth no correccyon
With gentyll men bereth trouthe adowne
Auoutry is suffred in euery towne
Amendyment is there none
And goddes cõmaũdementes we breke them all.
Deuocyon is gone many dayes syn
Let vs amende vs we trewe cristen men
Or deth make you grone
Courtyers go gaye and take lytell wages
And many with harlottes at the tauerne haunte
They be yemen of the wrethe ỳ be shakled in gyues
Hyckscor. B.iii.

On themselfe they haue no pyte
God punysheth full sore with grete sekenesse
As pockes pestylence purple and axes
Some dyeth sodeynly that deth full perylous
Yet was there neuer so grete pouerte
There be some sermones made by noble doctoures
But truly the fende dothe stoppe mennes eres
For god nor good man some people not feres
Worse was hyt neuer
All trouth is not best sayd
And our prechers now adayes be halfe afrayde
Whan we do amende god wolde be well apayde
Worse was hyt neuer

Contem. What maister pyte how is hyt with you

Perseue. Syr we be sory to se you in this case now

Pyte. Bretherne here were thre perylous men
Frewyll hyrkscorner and Imagynacyon
They sayd I was a thefe and layd felony vpon me
And bounde we in Irons as ye maye se

Contem. Where be the traytours become nowe

Pyte. In good faythe I can not shewe you

Perseue. Brother let vs vnbynde hym of his bondes

Contem. Unlose the fete and the hondes

Pyte. I thanke you for your grete kyndnes
That you two shewe in this dystresse
For they were men without ony mercy
That delyteth all in myschefe and tyranny

Perseue. I thynke they wyll come hyder agayne
Frewyll and Imagynacyon bothe twayne
Them wyll I exorte to vertuous lyuynge
And vnto vertu them to bryngе

By the helpe of you contemplacyon
¶ Do my counseyll brother pyte — Contem.
Go you and seke them throughe the countre
In vyllage towne bourghe and cyte
Throughe out all the realme of englonde
Whan you them mete lyghtly them arest
And in prylon put them faste
Bynde them sure in Irons stronge
For they be so faste and sotyle
That they wyll you begyle
And do true men wronge — Perseue.
¶ Brother pyte do as he hath sayd
In euery quarter loke you aspye
And let good watche for them be layde
In all the haast that thou can and that prynely
For and they come hyder they shall not scape
For all the crafte that they can make
¶ Well than wyll I hye me as fast as I maye — Pyte.
And trauayle throughe euery countre
Good watche shall be layde in euery waye
That they stele not in to sentwary
Now fare wele bretherne and praye for me
For I must go hens indede
¶ Now god be your good spende — Perseue.
¶ And euer you defende whan you haue nede — Contem.
¶ Now bretherne bothe I thanke you — Pyte.
¶ Make you rome for a gentylman syrs and pease — Frewyll.
Duegarde seygnours tout le preasse
And of your Iangelynge yf ye wyll sease
I wyll tell you where I haue bene
Syrres I was at the tauerne and dronke wyne

Ye thought I sawe a pece that was lyke myne
And syr all my fyngers were arayed with lyme
So I conuayued a cuppe manerly
And yet ywys I played all the fole
For there was a scoler of myne owne scole
And syr the horesone aspyed me
Than was I rested and brought in pryson
For woo than I wyste not what to haue done
And all Bycause I lacked monaye
But a frende in courtes worthe a peny in purs
For Imagynacyon myne owne felowe I wys
He dyde helpe me out full craftely
Syrres he walked thrughe holborne
Thre houres after the sonne was downe
And walked vp towarde saynte gyles in the felde
He houed styll and there beheelde
But there he coude not spede of his praye
And straygh to ludgate he toke the waye
ye wote well that potycaryes walke very late
He came to a dore and pryuely spake
To a prentes for a peny worth of vforbyum
And also for a halfpeny worth of alom plomme
This good seruaunte serued hym shortely
And sayd is there ought elles that you wolde bye
Thā he asked for a mouthfull of quycke brymstone
And downe in to ꝑ seller whā the seruāt was gone
Aslyde as he kest his eye
A grete bagge of monaye dyde he spye
Therin was an hondred pounde
He trulled hym to his fete and yede his waye roūde
He was lodged at newgate at the swanne

And euery man toke hym for a gentyll man
So on the morowe he delyuered me
Out of newgate by this polyce
And now wyll I daunce an make ryall chere
But I wolde Imagynacyon were here
For he is perceles at nede
Labour to hym syres yf ye wyl your maters spede
Now wyll I synge and iustely sprynge
But whan my feters on my legs dyde rynge
I was not gladde perde but now hey trolly lolly
Let vs se who can descauut on this same
To laughe aud gete manaye hyt were a goed game
What whome haue we here
A preest a douctoure or elles a frere
What mayster doctour dotypoll
Can not you preche well in a blacke boll
Or dyspute ony dyaynyte
If ye be cunnynge I wyll put hyt in a preke
Good syr why do men ete mustarde with beke
My questyon can you assoyle me
Peas man thou talkest lewdly
And of thy lyuynge I reed amende the
Auaunt catyfe doost thou thou me
I am come of good kynne I tell the
My moder was a lady of the stewes blode borne
And knyght of the halter my fader ware an horne
Therfore I take hyt in full grete scorne
That thou sholdest thus cheke me
Abyde felowe thou cast lytell curtesye
Thou shalte be charmed or thou hens pass
For thou troubled pyte and layd on hym felonye

Perseue.

Frewyll.

Contem.

Where is Imagynacyon thy felawe that was

Frewyll ¶ I dely you bothe wyll you arest me

Perseue. ¶ Naye naye thy greete wordes maye not helpe the
Fro vs thou shalte not escape

Frewyll. ¶ Make rome syres that I maye breke his pate
I wyll not be taken for them bothe

Contem. ¶ Thou shalt abyde whether thou be leue or lothe
Therfore good sone lysten vnto me
And marke these wordes that I do tell the
Thou hast folowed thyne one wyll many a daye
And lyued in synne without amendement
Therfore in thy conceyte assaye
To aye god mercy and kepe his cõmaundement
Than on the he wyll haue pyte
And bryngе the to heuen that Joyfull cyte

Frewyll ¶ What horesone wyll ye haue me now a fole
Naye yet had I leuer be captayne of calays
For and I sholde do after your scole
To lerne to pater to make me peuysse
Yet had I leuer loke with a face full theuysshe
And therfore prate no lenger here
Leest my knaues fyste hytte you vnder the yere
What ye dawes wolde ye reed me
For to lesese my pleasure in youth and Jolyte
To basse and kysse my swete trully mully
As Jane cate belle and sybble
I wolde that hell were full of suche prymmes
Than wolde I renne thyder on my pynnes
As fast as I myght go

Perseue. ¶ Why syr wylte thou not loue vertu
And forsake thy synne for the loue of god almyghty

¶ What god almyghty by goddes fast at salysbury — Frewyll
And I trowe eester day fell on whytsonday ÿ yere
There were. v. score saue an hondred in my cōpany
And at pety Judas we made tyall there
There had we good ale of myghelmas bruyng
There heuen hye leppynge and spryngynge
And thus dyde I
Lepe out of burdeaus vnto caunterbury
Almost ten myle bytwene
¶ Frewyll forsake all this worlde wylfully here — Contem.
And chaunge by tyme ÿ oughtest to stonde in fere
For fortune wyll tourne her whele to swyfte
That clene fro thy welthe she wyll the lyfte
¶ What lift me who ā Imaginacōn were here now — Frewyll
I wys with his fyst he wolde all tocloute you
Hens horesone tary no lenger here
For by saynt pyntell the apostell I swere
That I wyll dryue you bothe home
And yet I was neuer wonte to fyght alone
Alas that I had not one to bolde me
Than you sholde se me playe the man shamfully
Alas hyt wolde do me good to fyght
How saye you lordes shall I smyte
Haue amonge you by this lyght
Hens horesones and home at ones
Or with my wepen I shall breke your bones
Auaunt you knaue walke by my counseyll
¶ Sone remembre the grete paynes of hell — Perseue.
They are so horryble that no tonge can tell
Beware lest thou thyder do go
¶ Naye by saynt mary I hope not so — Frewyll.

I wyll not go to ꝑ deuyll whyle I haue my lyberte
He shall take ꝑ laboure to fet me ⁊ he wyl haue me
For he that wyll go to hell by his wyll boluntary
The deuyll and the worlewynde go with hym
I wyll you neuer fro thens tydynges bryngc
Go you before and shewe me the waye
And as to folowe you I wyll not saye naye
For by goddes body and you be in ones
By the masse I wyll shytte the dore at ones
And than ye be take in a pytfall

Contem. Now Jhesus soone defende vs frome that hole
For (qui est in inferno nulla est redemptio)
Holy Job spake these wordes full longe ago

Frewyll. Nay I haue done ⁊ you lade out latyn w̄ scopes
But therwith can you cloute me a payre of botes
By our lady ye sholde haue some werke of me
I wolde haue them well vnderlayd and easely
For I vse alwaye to go one the one syde
And trowe ye how by god in the stockes I sate tyde
I trowe a thre wekes and more a lytell stounde
And there I laboured sore daye by daye
And so I tred my shone inwarde in good faye
Lo therfore me thynke you must soule them roside
If you haue ony newe botes apayre I wolde by
But I thynke yourpryce be to hye
Syr ones at newgate I bought a payre of shertups
A mynghty payre and a stronge
Whole yere I ware them so longe
But they came not fully to my knee
And to cloute them hyt cost not me a peny
Euen now ⁊ ye go thyder ye shall fynde a grete heye

And you speke of my name ye shall haue good chepe
Syr we came neuer there ne neuer shall do — Perseue.
Mary I was taken in a trap there ⁊ tyde by ꝑ to — Frewyll
That I halted a grete whyle and myght not go
I wolde ye bothe sate as fast there
Than sholde ye daunce as abere
And all all by gangelynge of your chaynes
Why syr were ye there — Contem.
Ye and that is sene by my braynes — Frewyll.
For or I came there I was as wyse as a woodcock
And I thanke god as wytte as a haddocke
yet I trust to recouer as other dose
For and I had ones as moche wytte as a gose
I sholde be marchaunt of the banke
Of golde than I sholde haue many a franke
For yf I myst make.iii.good vyages to shoters hyl
And haue wynde and weder at my wyll
Than wolde I neuer trauell the see more
But hyt is harde to kepe the shyppe fro the shore
And yf hyt happe to rise a storme
Than thrown in a rase and so aboute borne
On rockes or brachis for to ronne
Elles to stryke a grounde at tyborne
That were a myscheuous case
For that rocke of tyborne is so perylous a place
Yonge galauntes dare not venture in to kente
But whan theyr monaye is gone and spente
With theyr longe botes they rowe on the baye
And ony man of warre lye by the waye
They must take a bote and throwe the helme ale
And full harde hyt is to scape that grete Jeopardye

For at sayt thomas of watryge & they stryke a sayle
Thā muste they ryde in ý haue of hepe wout fayle
And were not these two Jeoperdo' places in dede
Ther is many a marchaūt that thyder wolde spede
But yet we haue a sure cancll at westmynster
A thoulāde shyppes of theues therin may ryde sure
For yf they may haue ankerholde & grete spēdynge
They maye lyue as mery as ony kynge

Perseue. ¶ Good woote syr there is a pyteous lyuynge
Than ye drede not the grete mayster aboue
Sone forsake thy mysse for his loue
And than mayst thou come to the blysse also

Frewyll. ¶ Why what wolde you that I sholde do

Contem. ¶ For to go towarde heuen

Frewyll. ¶ Mary and you wyll me thyder brynge
I wolde do after you

Perseue. ¶ I praye you remembre my wordes now
Frewyll bethynke the that thou shalte dye
And of the houre thou arte vncertayne
Yet by thy lyfe thou mayst fynde a remedy
For and thou dye in synne all laboure is in bayne
Than shall thy soule be styll in payne
Loste and dampned for euermore
Helpe is past thoughe thou wolde fayne
Than thou wylte curse ý tyme that thou were bore

Frewyll. ¶ Syr yf ye wyll vndertake that I saued shall be
I wyll do all the penaunce that you wyll sette me

Contem. ¶ If that thou for thy synnes be sorye
Our lorde wyll forgyue the them

Frewyll. ¶ Now of all my synnes I are god mercy
Here I forsake synne and trust to amende

I beseche Jhesu that is moost myghty
To forgyue all that I haue offende
¶ Our lorde now wyll shewe the his mercy — Perseue.
A newe name thou nede none haue
For all that wyll to heuen hye
By his owne frewyll he must forsake folye
Than is he sure and saue
¶ Holde here a newe garment — Contem.
And here after lyue deuoutly
And for thy synnes do euer repente
Sorowe for thy synnes is very remedy
And frewyll euer to vertue applye
Also to sadnes gyue ye attendaunce
Let hym neuer out of remembraunce
¶ I wyll neuer frome you syr perseueraunce — Frewyll
With you wyll I abyde bothe daye and nyght
Of mynde neuer to be varyable
And goddes cõmandementes to kepe them ryght
In deed and worde and euer full stable
¶ Than heuen thou shalte haue without fable — Perseue.
But loke that thou be stedfaste
And let thy mynde with good wyll laste
¶ Huffe huffe huffe who sent after me — Imagy.
I am Imagynacyon full of Jolyte
Lorde that my herte is lyght
Whan shall I perysshe I trowe neuer
By cryst I recke not a feder
Euen now I was dubbed a knyght
Where at tyborne of the coller
And of the stewes I am made controller
Of all the houses of lechery

There shall no man playe dicey there
At the bell hertes horne ne elles wherr
without they haue leue of me
But syres wote ye why I am come hyder
By our lady togyder good company togyder
Saue ye not of my felawe frewyll
I am aferde lest he be serchynge on a hyll
By god than one of vs is begyled
what felawe is thys that in this cote is kyled
Kockes deth whome haue we here
what frewyll myn owne fere
Arte thou out of thy mynde

Frewyll ¶ God graũte the way to heuen that I may fynde
For I forsake thy company

Imagy. ¶ Goddes armes my company and why

Frewyll ¶ For thou lyuest to synfully

Imagy. ¶ Alas tell me how hyt is with the

Frewyll. ¶ Forsake thy synne for the loue of me

Imagy. ¶ Kockes herte arte thou waxed made

Frewyll ¶ whã I thynke on my synne it makes me ful sade

Imagy. ¶ Goddes woundes who gaue the that counsell

Frewyll. ¶ Perseueraunce and contemplacyon I the tell

Imagy. ¶ A vengeaũce on them I wolde they were in hell

Frewyll ¶ Amende Imagynacyon and mercy crye

Imagy. ¶ By goddes sydes I hadde leuer be hãged on hye
Naye that wolde I not do I hadde leuer dye
By goddes pallyon and I hadde alonge knyfe
I wolde bereue these two horesones of theyr lyfe
How how twenty pounde for a dagger

Contem. ¶ Peas peas good sone and speke softer
And amende or deth drawe his draught

For on the he wyll stele full softe
He gyueth neuer no man warnynge
And euer to the he is comynge
Therfore remembre the well
¶ A horesone yf I were Jayler of hell — Imagy.
I wys some sorowe sholde thou fele
For to the deuyll I wolde the sell
Than sholde ye haue many a sory mele
I wyll neuer gyue you mete ne drynke
Ye sholde fast horesones tyll ye dyde stynche
Euen as a roten dogge ye by saynt tyburne of kent
¶ Imagynacyon thynke what god dyd for the — Perseue.
On good frydaye he hanged on a tre
And spent all his precyous blode
A spere dyde ryue his herte a sonder
The gates he brake vp with a clappe of thunder
And Adam and eue there delyuered he
¶ What deuyll what is that to me — Imagy.
By goodes fast I was ten yere in newgate
And many more felawes with me sate
Yet he neuer came there to helpe me ne my cōpany
¶ Yes he holpe the or thou haddest not den here now — Contem.
By the masse I can not shewe you — Imagy.
For he and I neuer dranke togyder
yet I knowe many an ale stake
Neyther at ỳ stues I wyste hỳ neuer come thyder
Sooth he arayed in whyte or in blacke
For and he out of pryson hadde holpe me
I knowe well ones I sholde hym se
What gowne wereth he I praye you
¶ Syr he halpe you out by his myght — Perseue.

Imagy. ¶ I can not tell you by this lyght
But me thought that I laye there to longe
And the horesone fetters were so stronge
That hadde almost brought my necke out of Joynt

Perseue. ¶ Amende sone and thou shalt knowe hym
That delyuered the out of pryson
And yf thou wylt forsake thy mysse
Surely thou shalt come to the blysse
And be inherytoure of heuen

Imagy. ¶ What syr aboue the mone
Naye by the masse than sholde I fall soone
Yet I kepe not to clymme so hye
But to clymme for a bydes neste
There is none bytwene eest and weste
That dare therto ventre better than I
But to ventre to heuen what and my fete slyppe
I knowe well than I sholde breke my necke
And by god than hadde I the worse syde
yet had I leuer be by the nose tyde
In a wenches ars somewhere
Rather than I wolde stande in that grete fere
For to go vp to heuen naye I praye you lette be

Freewyll ¶ Imagynacyon wylte ÿ do by the coũseyll of me

Imagy. Cye syr by my trouthe what someuer it be

Freewyll. ¶ Amende yet for my sake
Yyt is better be tyme than to late
How saye you wyll you goddes hestes fulfyll

Imagy. ¶ I wyll do syr euen as you wyll
But I praye you let me haue a newe cote
Whan I haue nede and in my purse a grote
Than wyll I dwell with you styll

¶ Beware for whan ye arte buryed in the grounde — Frewyll
Fewe frendes for the wyll be founde
Remembre this syll
¶ No thynge drede I so sore as deth — Imagy.
Therfore to amende I thynke hyt be tyme
Synne haue I vsed all the dayes of my breth
With pleasure lechery and mysusynge
And spent amys my. v. wyttes therfore I am sory
Here of all my synnes I axe god mercy
¶ Holde here is a better clothynge for the — Perseuc.
And loke that thou forsake thy foly
Be stedfast loke that thou fall neuer
¶ Now here I forsake my synne for euer — Imagy.
¶ Syr wayte thou now on perseueraunce — Frewyll.
For thy name shall be called good remembraunce
And I wyll dwell with contemplacyon
And folowe hym where euer he become
¶ Well are ye so bothe agrede — Contem.
¶ Ye syr so god me spede — Imagy.
¶ Syr ye shall wete on me soone — Perseuc.
And be goddes seruaunt daye and nyght
And in euery place where ye become
Gyue good counseyle to euery wyght
And men axe your name tell you remembraunce
That goddes lawe kepeth truly euery daye
And loke that ye forget not repentaunce
Than to heuen ye shall go the nexte waye
Where ye shall se in the heuenly quere
The blessyd company of sayntes so holy
That lyued deuouly whyle they were here
Unto the whiche blysse I beseche god almyghty

To bryngе there your soules that here be present
And vnto vertuous lyuynge that ye maye applye
Truly for to kepe his commaundemente
Of all our mythes here we make an ende
Vnto the blysse of heuen Jhesu your soules bryngе
A M E N.

Enprynted
by me Wynkyn de
Worde.

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